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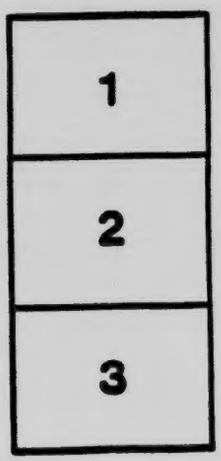

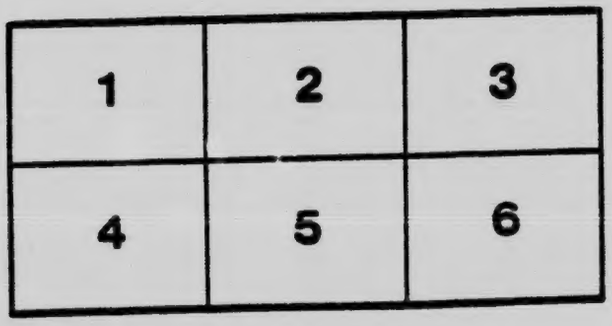

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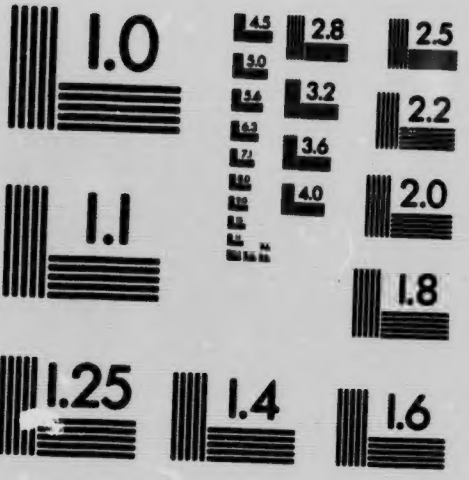

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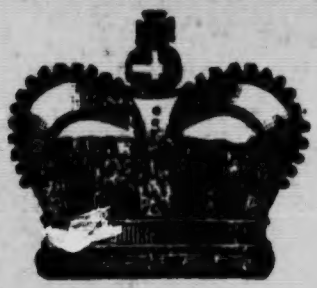

Pro Patria

A Song
of the
British
Empire

By

Robert White

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PRO PATRIA

A SONG OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

By

ROBERT WHITE

TORONTO:
GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY LIMITED
1902

Pro Patria

A Song of the British Empire

SOUND the trumpets loud and clear
Over land and over sea,
Coronation Day is here,
Crowns are made for majesty.
Crown King Edward!
Crown King Edward!
Britons crown your gracious King!

Come! string the harp, attune the lyre,
Let Music have her perfect sway;
Awake fair daughters of the choir,
And hail his Coronation Day.
He comes with banners floating gay,
With flashing steel and burnish'd gold,
He comes to wear, with proud array,
The crown his fathers wore of old.

Who is he that, stately, cometh,
Wearing costly ermine robes,
Decked with rich, impassioned jewels,
While our life-blood warmly throbs ?
'Tis the Monarch of an Empire,
Great and glorious in war ;
'Tis the Ruler of a Nation
Loving Peace and Virtue more.

He is good as he is great,
Edward, King of Britain !
He shall rule a loyal State,
Edward, King of Britain !
He, our great Imperator,
Whom our sons shall battle for,
Let us designate Victor,
Edward Seventh of Britain.

His is the Valour of a race
That long hath dared the sternest foe ;
His are the Virtues that embrace
And gladden, wheresoe'er they go ;
In him is consummated all
The noble traits that Britain's Kings
Have borne for ages ; to his rule
A wealth of majesty he brings.

Let us crown our noble King
With his rich, imperial crown !
As in gladdest song we sing
Graces universal known !
Let us crown our gracious King
And allegiance truly own !

Phœbus' cycle path unending
Never bears its beams beyond
Regions where some loyal Briton
Dearly loves his native land ;
Or, where some true British son
Earns the rest that he hath won.
Many a patriotic heart
Beats in many a foreign part ;
Many a Briton sleeps afar
Shepherded by the evening star.

Back, beyond the stretching prairie,
On the everlasting mountains
Of Canadia, where lone settlers
Live, beside the forest fountains,
Splashing, dashing, rushing, pushing
Thro' the canyons deeply buried
In the rocks, with stars to witness,
To the deep winds' solemn fitness,

Patriot voices rise, unhurried
By the tumult of the crowd.

In the sun-scorch'd Indian jungle,
Far removed from kith and kin,
British patriot voices mingle
With the uncouth native din,
As they gladly welcome in
This gay morn of merry June,
With their truest patriot tune.

From afar Australian voices
Sweep uncheck'd across the seas
Telling that the world rejoices
In the great Antipodes ;
While we crown our noble King
With supremest honoring.

From his sea-encircled watch tower
In an isolated isle
Of the great Pacific Ocean
Gazing seawards many a mile,
The long-sever'd mission hero
Gladly hails the rising day
With much thought of busy England
Many thousand leagues away ;
And he lifts his voice to Heaven,

As a lonely hero can,
With a prayer, that, in her greatness,
She be loyal to a man.

On the Karoo, in the Kranzes,
On the lone Matoppo heights,
Where the flower of Britain resteth
After many valiant fights,
Rise the voices of the Empire,
Richer than the glowing words,
And the cadence of the choir,
And the music it accords.

In the island of Samoa
Where the sea-winds rise and fall,
Sleeps a patriot son of Britain
In a kingly Taj Mahal,
With the azure sky o'erbending
In a vast, unbroken sheet,
And the great, unfettered ocean
Falling constant at his feet.

Is your mind aflame for valour?
Is your heart deep-set on glory?
Why unearth the old-world ages
With their almost-fabled story?
When our soldiers and our sailors

Wear more laurel crowns and bays,
Fight more fierce and bloody battles
Earn more well-deserved praise,
Than the finest sons that Athens
Ever placed at Marathon ;
Or the bravest Coriolanus
Romans ever gazed upon.

Is your soul athirst for learning ?
Do you cherish written treasure ?
Why invest the golden records
Of the past for all your pleasure ?
When around you there are living
Men of culture, and of thought,
Who the richest work are giving
With a heart that grudgeth not ;
Statesmen, preachers, poets, painters,
They have made our Empire great ;
Ill the toiling hand will fashion
If the head unbuilds the State.

Loyal Britons everywhere
Make the burthen of your song,
That King Edward may live long,
Ruling with the choicest care,
Like to her whose queenly wisdom
Was beyond compare.